

The Dragons

Dragons beat her thighs
with vicious tails, their breath scorching
her skin, but she won't let them in.

She still remembers how they tore
into her, ripping her apart,
one after the other
(or was it all of them at once)
their tails thrashing inside her
reaching, it must have been her throat
for she couldn't scream.
She threw down a huge rock
from her heart, sealing the entry.
Now she does not feel their tails,
she does not feel their burning breath.

Sometimes at night, she dreams
that the rock is moving; she pushes
and pries, pushes and pries
but the rock will not move.

— *lala heine-koehn*